

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 21, No. 51.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, July 16, 1903.

Subscription Year

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Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

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Will practice throughout Pocahontas county. Those needing his services will please communicate by letter and make appointments to suit convenience.

## NOT A SQUIRREL

The Ground Squirrel is not a Squirrel in the True Meaning of the Word.

It Belongs to the Family of Storekeepers, and Science Stands Between the Farmer and Overzealous Warden

An article which appeared in this paper some weeks ago in relation to the new game law's apparent protection of the ground squirrel was read by a naturalist, who informed us that grave doubts as to the ground squirrel was a squirrel at all, in case the question ever came to be a live issue.

He furnished us the following table:

Genus Sciurus, includes red squirrel, Carolina gray squirrel and sciurus niger, fox squirrel.

Genus Tamias, includes the ground squirrel.

Genus Spermophilus, includes the prairie dog, or barking squirrel.

It would seem then that the ground squirrel has not been classed as a squirrel by naturalists.

The wolf and the dog have been put in the one class i. e. canis, but the fox is of the genus vulpes.

We might then say that the ground squirrel differs from the true squirrel as a fox differs from a dog and far more than a dog does from a wolf.

It would hardly be argued that a price on wolf scalps would include dogs though that argument was used once in this county.

The most charitable in that instance held that it was an effort to defraud the county by palming off a dog's scalp for a wolf when the latter was worth \$12 and much shame has inured to the third and fourth generations of that ancient grafter.

In case then any game warden should be inclined to be over zealous in regard to the killing of a ground squirrel science would step in, remove the shackles and set the prisoner free.

The squirrel, proper, gets his name from the Greek words *skia* and *oura* a tail. The ground squirrel is called *Tamias* from the Greek word for store-keeper.

The cheekpouches with which store-keeper is fitted out separate it from the squirrel. It is also intended to remain upon the ground and it burrows in the earth. I have heard the question discussed whether the store-keeper can climb a tree, but personal observation has proved to my satisfaction that it can. I once saw a ground squirrel on a perpendicular tree at least thirty feet from the ground. I do not know that this instance should count for so much, however, as a terrier pup had closely pursued the animal and it just had to climb that tree.

It is called the Hackee, Chipping Squirrel and Chipmuck. The last is the Indian name and represents the sound which it makes.

It is one of the most beautiful of animals. It is brownish gray and orange and has five longitudinal black stripes and two yellowish white streaks.

As the hunter grows up and becomes dangerous the store keeper is generally the first thing to fall to his bow and spear. When in danger it will make the most desperate efforts to reach its burrow where it is protected from nearly every enemy. I dug one out once but it was about a half a day's work and my curiosity was fully satisfied.

The store keeper can never be successfully domesticated. It will remain sullen and generally dies soon in captivity.

I once watched one at its work nearly all summer near my house and observed it made long excursions to the woods and came back with a swelled face, carrying things to store away. One day the cat brought it in, and played with it for a time. The store keeper seemed paralyzed with fear but when a number of persons gathered around to watch the novel sight, the squirrel ran between

my feet and got away.

Later in the season the cat was older and wiser, and captured it again and brought it in dead and eat it. Fate had appointed a receiver for the poor store keeper.

The ground squirrel seems to be the connecting link between the squirrel tribe and the marmots. The ground hog is a conspicuous member of the family of marmots.

## A Fourth of July Outing.

The Fourth of July, 1903, will long be remembered by a party of young people who drove to the old battle ground on Top of Alleghany. As the sun was throwing his hot beams over all nature and dispelling the darkness of the night, all nature seemed to be shouting with joy. At the little station of Travelers Rest and down the fertile valley, on the hilltops and in the meadow fields could be heard the merry chatter and laughter as the party congregated from different points. Those making up the company were Misses Maude and Grace Burner, Gertrude, Mamie and Lucy Yeager, Rhoda Tacy and Fanny Boesia; Olin, Norlie and Walter Burner, Fred and Clit Yeager, Roe Wagner, Joe Steele, Rob Oliver, Forrest Honchin. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cassel Kel-

lar. At 8 o'clock the party started and after a journey of twelve miles Top of Alleghany was reached, where a vast outlay of rugged hills with intervening valleys were presented to view. Disembarking at a spring in a shady grove table cloths were spread. Twelve baskets were found loaded with good things, beside the big cake of ice and large number of lemons brought along. Even the fragments that remained were enough to feed a multitude.

In a ramble among the hills the old Yeager burying ground was visited. Here sleep many of the pioneer fathers, and if we mistake not, a number of the soldiers who died at camp and in battle at Top of Alleghany, have found resting places here.

A drive was taken to the Virginia State Line. Rain overtook us here and all speed was made to John Beverage's where arrangements had been made for a supper which was greatly enjoyed.

After eating all retired to the sitting room where a very pleasant evening was spent in harmless amusements until the nearing of the Holy Sabbath warned us to betake ourselves homeward. All wish to express their thanks in no small measure to this happy family for their kind hospitality.

Every one reached home safely and were in the arms of sleep before the wee small hours.

It was a Glorious Fourth well spent. We trust we all of us may be able to meet again next year, but if not then may we gather where congregations never break up.

W. E. A.

**A Matter of Skunks.**

There is a suggestion in the letter sent to the Post Office department that should not be lost on the Officials in Washington. The missive comes from a Michigan farmer who lives on a rural free delivery route, and who was badly troubled by skunks that insisted on making a summer residence out of his mail box. He wants the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General to come up and clean the skunks out, but it is hardly to be expected that the gentleman will make the trip until he has cleaned out the other skunks in the mail boxes near home.

**Big Oil Well Struck.**

Kelley well No. 2 on Bond Creek has just come in today being a 150 barrel producer. This is the largest oil well ever struck in Wirt county up until today. The flow of gas and oil cannot be checked on the Copen farm.

**LOST**—Between Marlinton and W. McClintic's, June 17, 1903, a small, brown leather purse with a single clasp. Between \$35 and \$40 in bills: a \$20, a \$10 and several \$1 bills. Liberal reward. Naomi A. Kennison. Buckeye, W. Va.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

From an Outing to Upper Pocahontas.

Third Paper.—A Much Enjoyed Excursion. The Sarvis Gatherers.

"This advice I give to all When I'm dead; Be sure you are right Then go ahead."

Such a Davy Crockettism was getting in its work while I was preparing for the predestinated jaunt whose story I am about to rehearse.

Days were available and my venerable host solicited for my septuagenarian joints and bones rather emphatically suggested that I should take the road that had no gates or gaps though something longer than the other way.

Besides too it is the public road and the showers last night have made it like a c'eamly watered street. No fences to climb and no bars to pull down, all is plain and safe walking. I a la Crockett inquired as to the bars and fences confronting one's walking over the intervening pastures. As to fences I draw the line at nothing less than fifteen rails high and as for bars nothing too heavy has ever been put up, anywhere in this region noted for white pine poles. Nothing but wet grass will be considered as an obstacle.

Well if that is the case as you put it, you can risk it over the fields, and I will go with you to the first bars, and give you directions for the rest of the way.

Putting on my duster and taking in hand valise and umbrella, I started on the way of my preference, attended by my devoted octogenarian solicitous friend, who relieved me of all apprehensions of having made a mistaken choice when he examined the grass and found it well dried off.

Impelled by his innate politeness he had the bars down before I could be ready with a helping hand. These bars were nicely trimmed white pine poles, light as feathers and straight as the lances held by Knights Errant when equipped for the tournament. I was however with unwonted celerity of movement able to get in some assistance in putting up the bars. To guide me in my further progress my friend pointed out a cherry tree whose umbrageous adornment was the ornament of the landscape and made the tree as conspicuous among its companions as a lady's hat of the prevailing style, would be conspicuous among scores of sunbonnets at a picnic. Then beyond this tree another object was pointed out and when that was reached my destination would be just in sight and therefore it was presumable, I could do the rest, when once safe over the fence that would loom up just beyond the cherry tree.

My friend remained where he was guiding me with his eye and index finger to the point where the path across the pasture became plainly visible and which also led to and by the large cherry tree.

At the tree and shaded by it I found one of the most attractive bits of turf I have noticed this season and around the base were piled the paraphernalia of a baseball team ready for the use of the sporty youths and maidens whose presence so frequently enlivened the scene.

I volunteered the opinion that other licks beside those struck with the bats are in evidence, when the games are on.

Spending some moments admiring the velvety turf underfoot and the charming scenery unfolded far and near, so sweet and clean, from the recent showers so copiously sprinkled during the night I started off to have it over with the fence, that was so much in mind, when the question was up as to the choice of ways and which my solicitous friend admonished me to avoid by a flank movement.

Moving along I reached a fence that I did not think was in my schedule as it was only about four

or five rails high. A step ladder to the top rail was on my side and on the opposite was a pile of boxes equally as high. Safely over I began to look ahead for the fence that might be ominous of broken bones or sprained joints, when all at once through an open gate I found myself at the front door of the dwelling that I was tramping for.

Here a pleasant hour was passed replete with pathetic memories of loved ones now gone hence and whom we are to follow sooner or later, to that land of peace and delight where saintly immortality reigns, where the infinite day excludes the night and pain is banished from the branches of the tree whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations."

Upon resuming my walk for a home nestled at the foot of the hills towards the north west, I noticed a store and the impression came over me that possibly a cigar might be of service in clearing away a slight visitation of Monday blues, or nervous depression. Upon entering the store, the amiable young clerk was sorry to inform me he had none of the kind inquired for but there were some choice high priced ones and he would be pleased if I would accept one for his sake.

Resuming my way and entering the forest I was soon met by the lovely apparition of a young lady mounted on a gray pacing horse, riding alone along that sequestered tree shaded road, happy and fearless as the birds that were singing among the branches above and around her.

She was on her way to take a music lesson at 4 p. m. The morning hours had been passed performing on the cooking range and washing machine, quite a line of work, had been hung out and now she was on her happy way to a parlor three miles from home where a course of music lessons were arranged for, this being the first lesson. The possibilities of this girl of seventeen years in my opinion are simply sublime. May our Heavenly Father in His infinite love give some one of His most faithful angels charge concerning her and realize her hopes and fond desires for improvement. May there be many more such daughters to gladden parental hearts, all over our lovely county of Pocahontas, the gem of the West Virginia Hills in my estimation at least. After this my attention was attracted by a chorus of juvenile voices such as one rarely hears in a life time, especially in the woods. These were yellings, screamings, shrieks, and cries such as strong youngsters of both sexes can make when they can be where joy is unconfined and rural freedom reigns supreme. Threading my way through the bushes to see what was up, I found a group of boys and girls gathering berries. I am at my wits end as to what to call the berries. At a venture however I will say "saw-ice berries." Two or three of the larger boys were climbing the tall sapling with a prehensile dexterity, that was forcibly suggestive of a popular scientific theory that has been and still is a storm centre for tempestuous debate on the higher realms of scientific discussion.

By watching where the branches fell, freighted with the luscious red berries, it was not hard to see where the best girl was to be located, in the throwers esteem.

And what was pleasant and conducive to peace each climber seemed to have his own best girl to himself, hence no apparent struggle as to to who would be the fittest survival.

O that it might be that time could could turn backward and that I could be a boy once more, a few hours at least, and gather service berries with my mother, sister Lizzie and cousin Maggie.

Beale on Marlinton Run, not so far from where the court house now stands.

Upon coming to the back of Deer Creek, the foot log was gone, but before I had time to resolve on the desperate venture of wading a stream three or four inches in deepness. Capt. Hanna

with his buggy hove in sight and as soon I was where the red rambler, rose blooms, and where sweet prospects and sweet birds make the outgoings of the mornings and evenings rejoice.

On the home stretch from Green Bank to Cass my driving companion was Samuel Hanna, Jr., Misses Mattie Heyner and Mary Hanna were along, their buggy horse being the same white one that figured in the apparition previously mentioned. My young friend had been to a noted school in the lower Valley of Virginia and at some time during the session heard a sermon that had impressed him very forcibly as one of the most interesting he ever heard the text was "And Peter," Mark 16:7. The discussion of that sermon led to an interchange of views that would require several columns of the Times to do full justice and may be deferred to some other issue.

In due time the train for Marlinton was boarded and when I reached there I was well nigh dazed with sad surprise by hearing that one of my "pot girls" had just been married and had her face to the setting sun seeking her home in the State of Washington and I may never see her lovely face again. I hope and pray there may be millions of girls good as Ada Beard, but none better have ever come my way. W. T. P.

**A Bear Chase.**

Marlinton came very near being overrun by a bear last week. As Clark Kellison was going to Beaver Dam he came to the George Simmon's place and caught a glimpse of a bear Tuesday morning. His dog gave chase and the bear left those parts.

Early in the afternoon J. R. Moore saw it coming down Buck's Mountain in the direction of Marlinton and about a half a mile distant, it turned and passed close by Ewing Johnson's garden in which Mrs. Johnson was working. It then turned and passing between Aaron Moore's and G. M. Johnson's houses climbed the Mountain. James Sharp's hounds were secured and a pack of seven put on its track but they ran it short distance. Snoden Johnson thinks he saw it in the Jericho flats about dusk that evening. Bears are evidently on the increase about the headwaters of Cranberry and Williams River. At some places in the woods there they have left signs of grubbing up roots and digging for ant-equal to a drove of hogs. Jas. L. Sheets lost a calf which he thinks a bear must have destroyed.

**Diaz Nominated.**

President Diaz has been nominated for the Presidency of Mexico. He has no opposition and his election is a foregone conclusion. He has held the position every since the overthrow of the Emperor Maximilian in 1868, shortly after the close of the civil war. President Diaz led the revolution at the time which terminated in the unfortunate execution of Maximilian. Since then Gen. Diaz has been elected continuously as President of the Republic for the past 36 years. His first wife was Miss Ord, daughter of Gen. E. O. C. Ord, of the United States Army.

**Stranger Than Fiction.**

We are in receipt of a letter from Alice enclosing two Arbuckle coffee signatures and a delicately penned missive stating that they are a free contribution to the fund towards securing a railroad. Thanks this were kind, indeed and if others will only send in their offering we will soon have ample railroad accommodation for all who have a preference for that mode of motion. Be liberal kind friends, and shell out your signatures with a liberality becoming the occasion. This is one chance in several to secure a real Wabash. Oh that the power of Israel were come out of Zion ON! ON! ON! to tidewater.

**WANTED:** Some good timber land on or near Railroad. Have buyers to whom we can sell at once. List your farms with us. STUART & WATTS, Lewisburg, W. Va.

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## RESOLUTIONS

Passed by the Pocahontas Musical Association at Arbovale

**Resolutions of Respect, and in Remembrance of Mrs. Swecker.**

Resolutions adopted at the close of the Pocahontas County Singing Association held at Arbovale June 25th to 27th.

Whereas it has been our privilege to have Prof. John Waugh for our president of the Pocahontas County Musical Association with us to preside over us during the session held at Arbovale, be it

Resolved that we tender our heartfelt thanks to him for the efficient manner in which he conducted said session and for his proficient instruction. That the gratitude of the members of this Association be and are hereby tendered to him for the faithful manner in which he did his duty as chairman and the Association further expresses its appreciation by raising vote.

That the Association express their appreciation to our worthy secretary O. G. Arbogast for his untiring effort in faithfully recording the minutes of this session.

We heartily thank the Revs. H. Blackhurst, J. W. McNeil, C. C. Arbogast and E. B. Moore for their brotherly, kindly and uplifting addresses during the session of our association.

That we most heartily thank the people of Arbovale and vicinity for their hospitality and trust that our presence among them has been helpful and pray God's blessing to always remain with them.

That every member of this organization do everything in his power to promote the interest of the ensuing normal to be held at Arbovale, by Prof. J. H. Hall of Dayton, beginning November 2, 1903.

**MEMOIR TO MRS. C. B. SWECKER.**

It is somewhat difficult for this committee to make a satisfactory memoir owing to the fact that it is so long since this Association has met and it is impossible to remember the deaths which have occurred. Among the members of the Association. We very much regret the death of Mrs. Swecker, wife of C. B. Swecker. She was an enthusiastic worker in our Association and tried in every way to advance the interest of singing. Her memory will long be remembered by the Association and though dead she still speaks to us by the remembrance of her activity in this Association.

"Servant of God well done, The glorious warfare past, The battle's fought, the victory won, And thou art crowned at last."

That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the Pocahontas Times, Marlinton Messenger and the Musical Million for publication in their respective columns and be recorded in the minutes of this Association.

J. G. WILMOTH,  
A. M. OLIVER,  
E. D. BURNER,  
Committee.

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## Lynchings.

One of the most interesting items in reference to the philosophy of lynchings that has been going the rounds of the press is a reference to the findings of a statistician who has been investigating the lynchings on record for the past twenty-one years, from 1882 to 1903. In that time he finds there have been 3,334. In 1884 the largest number were in Colorado and Montana, owing to judicial deficiency. From 1884 to 1891, the victims were more than two-fifths white. From his research it would seem the violent lynchings are not characteristic of the enforcement of good laws. The victims have been occupying the right. The remedy is apparent.

**Order of Publication.**

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, ss:

At Rules held in the Clerks' Office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, on the first Monday in July, 1903.

R. Hayden, Plaintiff

vs.

National Coöperage Company, a corporation chartered under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and the Commercial Trust Company of New Jersey, a corporation, chartered under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant, the National Coöperage Company, a corporation, found within the jurisdiction of this Court and subject the same to sale to satisfy the debt due the plaintiff and the costs of this suit. This day came the plaintiff by his attorney and on his motion, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant corporations are non residents of the State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

**BUGGIES.**

THE Biggest and best line of buggies, carriages and surreys ever brought to Pocahontas is now on exhibition at the Marlinton Supply Company's ware house, west end of Bridge. This is your chance to get what you want at a price any one can afford. Buying as we do from the largest manufacturers in car load lots, we can quote prices only equaled by the largest mail order houses. Even on these we save you freight, a right important item on a buggy.

Another important fact, you see what you are buying—no pig in the poke business with us. Give us a call, as we are not here forever.

**Moore & Young,**  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

**Notice.**

The teacher preparing the best essay to be read at the County Institute in August 1903, will receive a medal from Mr. R. C. Montague and myself, which will be presented to you by my successor Mr. J. B. Grimes.

Respectfully,  
JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,  
County Supt. Schools.

**TIMBER & SOFT COAL LANDS WANTED**

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